

Anatomy 1:1

King 810

You wanna hear anger in a way never expressed before?
The boy speaking to you has kicked in doors
And put men on the floor
Is that enough?
Or
Or you want more?
You want blood?
You want guts?
You want guns?
You want gore?
You wanna tie a man up in his own house?
Beat him in the face with a pistol and tape his mouth
And just keep hittin' him til' there's so much blood
The duct tape falls from his face and he screams to God above
And he screams to those he loves
To help him out of his situation
But God left the slums alone
So you're sittin' here with Satan
And we've all sold our souls
The only difference is
You've got a cheap price
I'm sittin' next to where the Devil sits
And I've lost the center of my world
A life sentence means nothing to me
So if you look at me wrong or for too long
I'll have your momma singin' songs with your family
And the choir
And the priest
Put your feet in my shoes
You will feel the same things
A couple decades worth of pain
And all you'll ever know is my name
And I can't make you change
How do I explain?
And where do I start?
If it sounds too crazy
Then I'm lying
If it's abstract
Then it's art
If I don't say it poetic
I'm ignorant
If I do
I'm not convincing
If I read Rilke I couldn't have killed a man
If I killed a man, I couldn't have read anything
So I'm up late strategizing
Then;
"Wait. why am I trying to convince narrow minded fucks I hate?
Of course they don't get it
They're built like shit."
And I could've said it with metaphors
But this way you understand it, Goddammit!
At my back
I got the killers
And the thieves
And the bandits
And you think I care?

About clothes, shoes, and hair?
Mother fucker I'm from ruins!
You can't wear my boots in
While you were kissin'
I was shootin'
This here is Flint, Michigan
(Haha)
While you were playing with your friends
We were burying men
And all they keep asking me is:
"Have you ever killed?"
They ignore the fact
I'm creating art at levels they never will
They overlook the fact
I posses a mind no one they've ever met posses'
So I overlook their question
But know my trigger finger's restless
And to all of you making a living selling lies to the people:
A real has arrived
The people no longer need you